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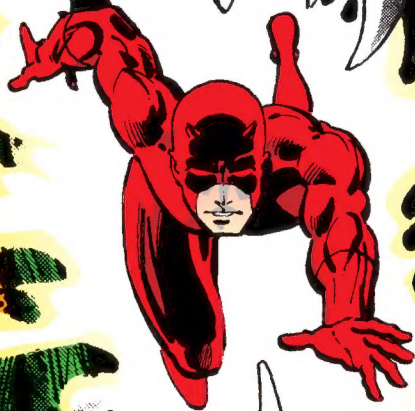


BEGINNING SEPT. 12th ON NBC  
**SPIDER-MAN**  
AND HIS AMAZING FRIENDS!



# DAREDEVIL

IN HIS STRANGEST ADVENTURE!



YES, WE DID...  
WE DARED TO  
PUBLISH *THIS*,  
THE MOST  
OFFBEAT STORY  
OF THE YEAR!



MONDAY

I'VE LOST MY  
RADAR SENSE!  
IF I CAN'T  
REGAIN IT--

DAREDEVIL  
IS FINISHED!

# STAN LEE PRESENTS **DAREDEVIL**

MILLER Story & Art JANSON Finished Art WEIN Colors  
ROSEN Letters O'NEIL Editor SHOOTER Supervisor

YOU WERE MY MENTOR, STICK.  
WHEN A ONE-IN-A-BILLION  
RADIOACTIVE ACCIDENT **BLINDED**  
ME, YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO LIVE  
IN THIS WORLD OF DARKNESS.  
YOU HELPED ME DEVELOP AND  
CONTROL MY **HYPERSENSES**.

AND NOW,  
YOU'VE AGREED  
TO HELP ME  
AGAIN.

BUT WHY  
DO WE HAVE TO  
BE **HERE**? THIS  
BASEMENT IS  
STUFFY, HOT...

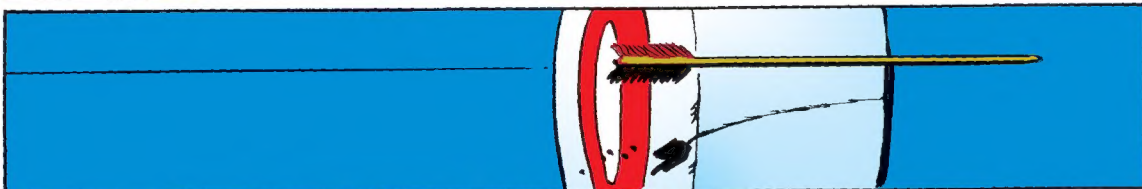
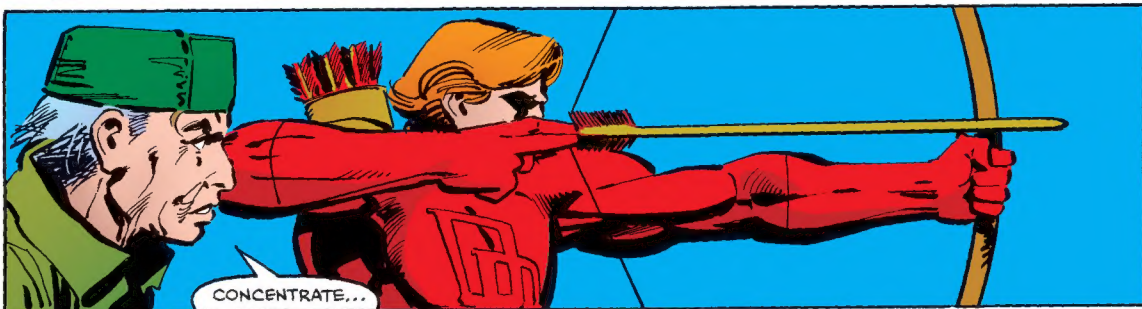
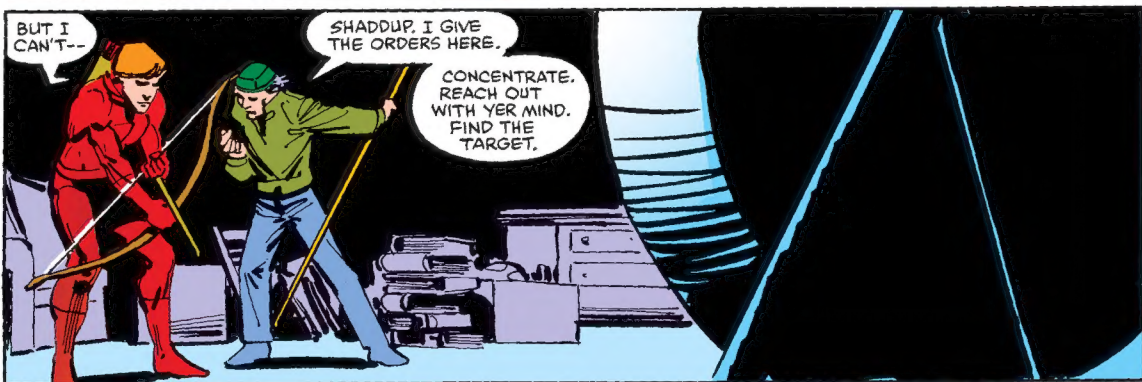
YER PROBLEMS AIN'T  
JUST PHYSICAL, PUNK.  
IF YER GONNA GET YER  
RADAR BACK, YOU GOTTA  
DIG DEEPER INTO YER  
OWN MIND THAN YOU  
EVER HAVE.

AN' IT'S GOTTA BE  
HERE, AMONG THINGS  
THAT ARE OLD AND  
FILLED WITH  
MEMORIES.

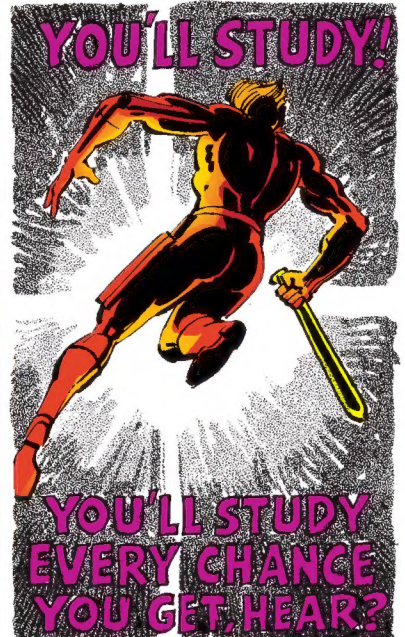
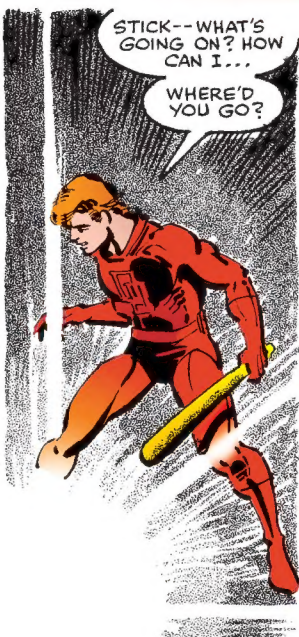
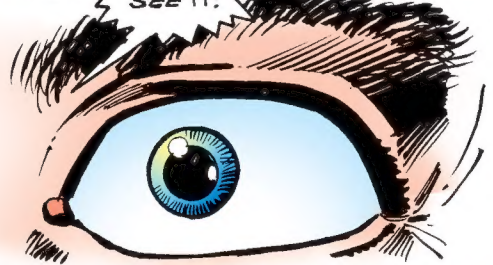
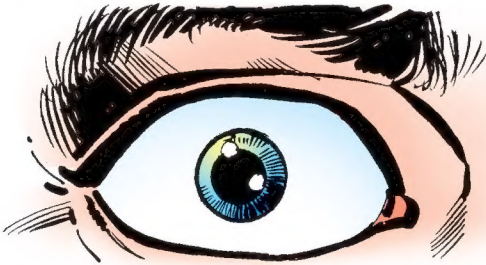
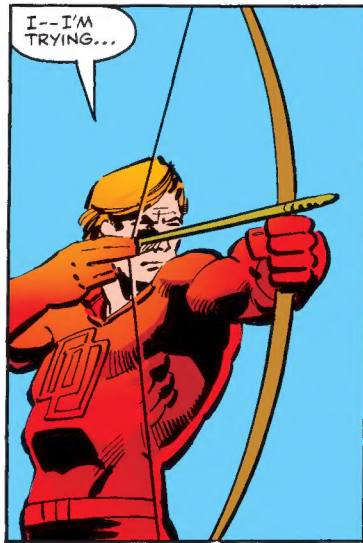
YER IN FOR A REAL  
FIGHT, PUNK. YOU  
MIGHT NOT SURVIVE  
IT.

where  
angels  
fear  
to  
tread

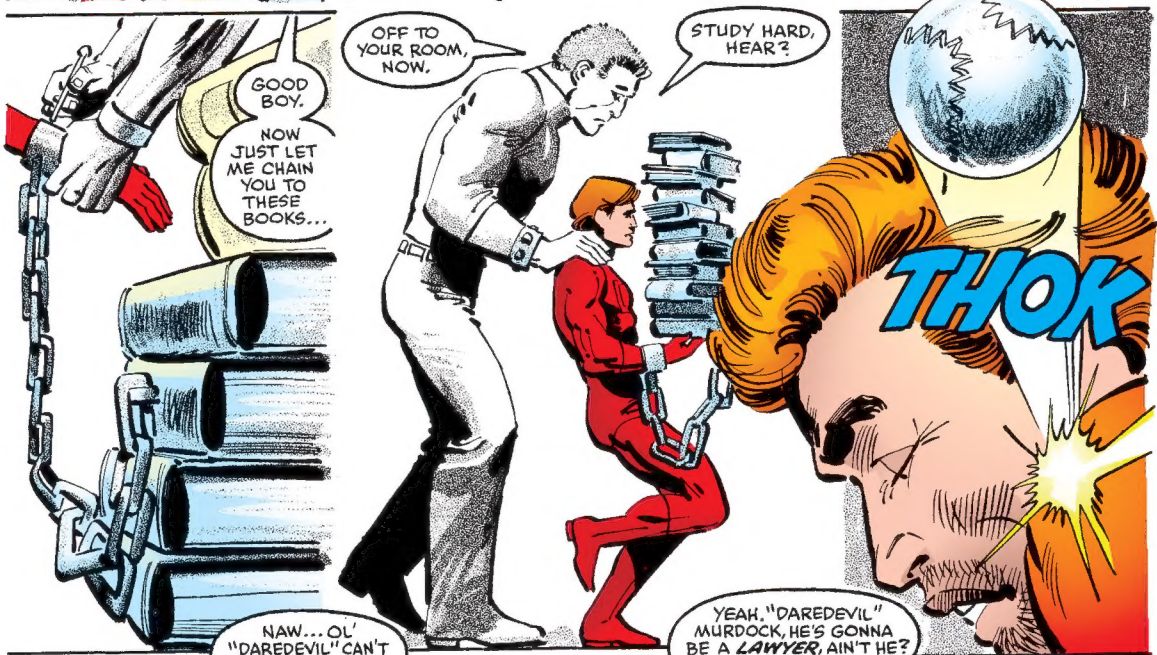
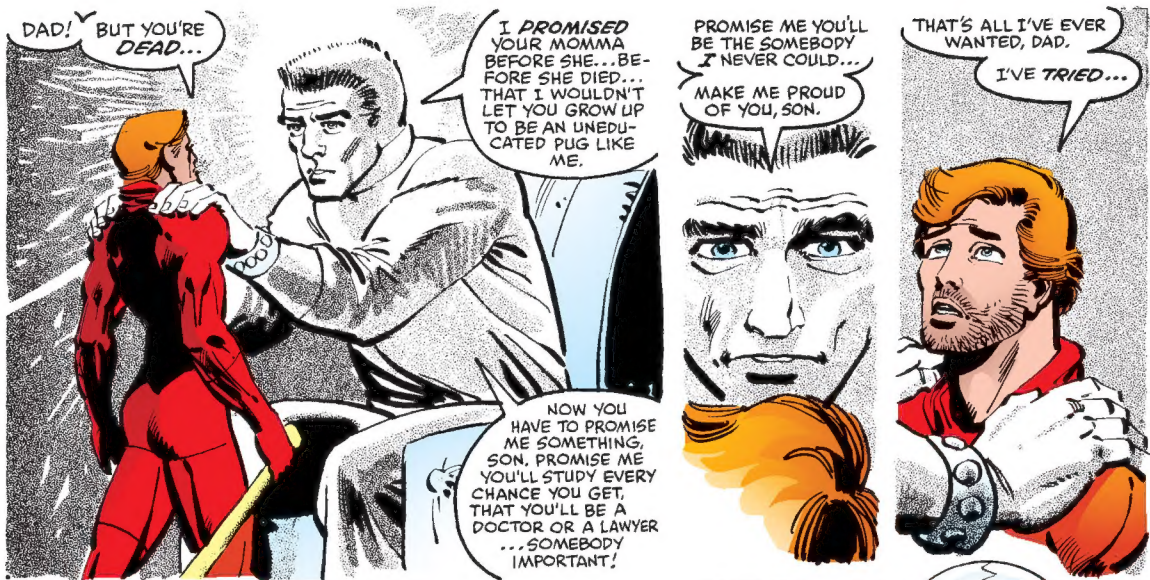




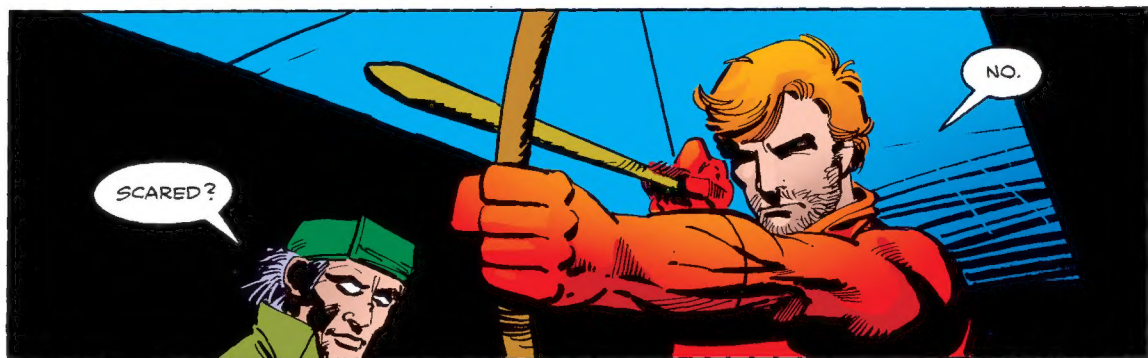
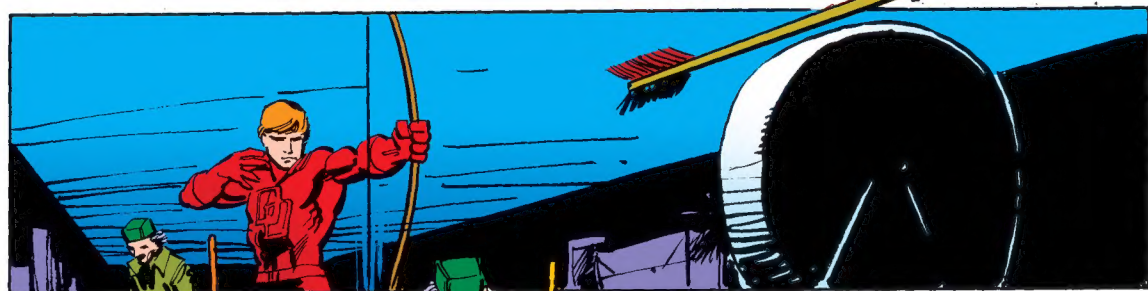






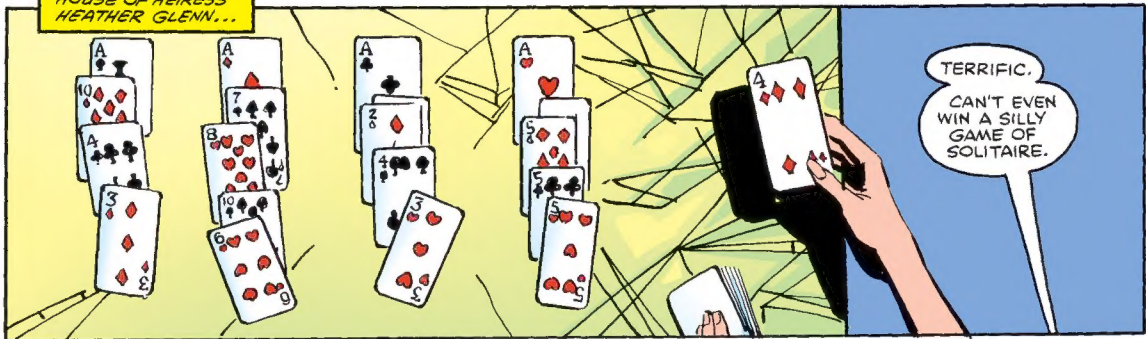




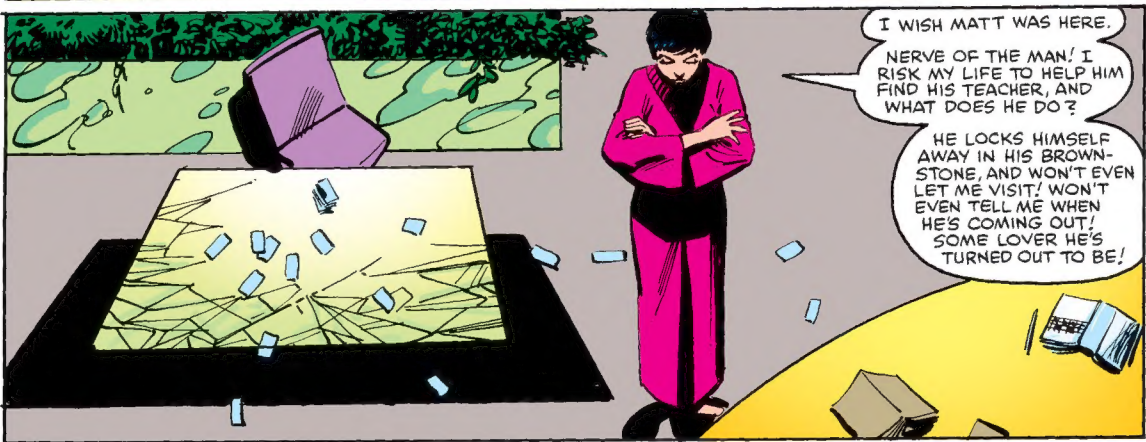




TEN BLOCKS SOUTH,  
IN THE PLUSH PENT-  
HOUSE OF HEIRESS  
HEATHER GLENN...



TERRIFIC.  
CAN'T EVEN  
WIN A SILLY  
GAME OF  
SOLITAIRE.



I WISH MATT WAS HERE.  
NERVE OF THE MAN! I  
RISK MY LIFE TO HELP HIM  
FIND HIS TEACHER, AND  
WHAT DOES HE DO?

HE LOCKS HIMSELF  
AWAY IN HIS BROWN-  
STONE, AND WON'T EVEN  
LET ME VISIT! WON'T  
EVEN TELL ME WHEN  
HE'S COMING OUT!  
SOME LOVER HE'S  
TURNED OUT TO BE!



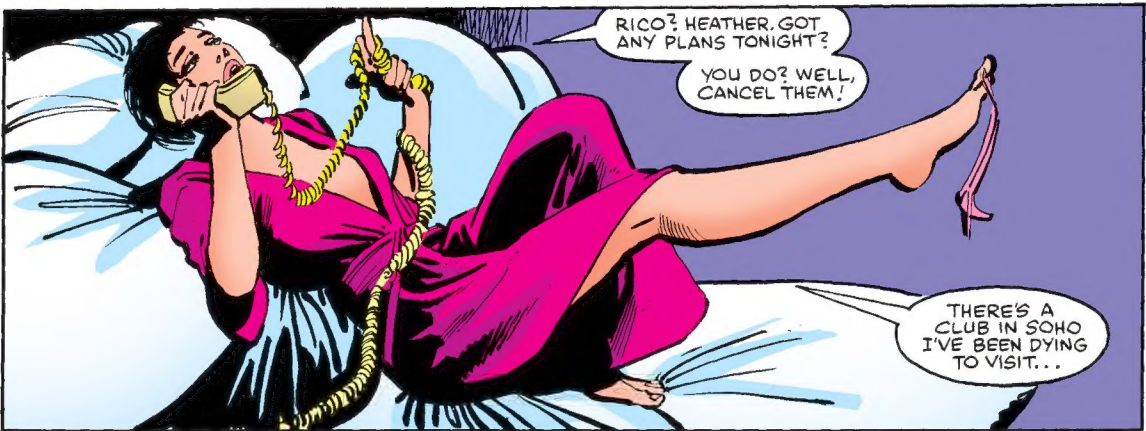
I'M WORRIED--  
I'M ANGRY-- --I'M BORED.



OH, WELL. NO REASON TO PINE AWAY.  
THE WORLD DOESN'T BEGIN AND END  
WITH MATTHEW MURDOCK.

THIS IS **NEW YORK CITY**--  
IT'S GOT PLENTY OF PLACES  
FOR A YOUNG LADY TO HAVE  
FUN--

--AND LOTS OF MEN  
TO PAY THE WAY.



RICO? HEATHER. GOT  
ANY PLANS TONIGHT?

YOU DO? WELL,  
CANCEL THEM!

THERE'S A  
CLUB IN SOHO  
I'VE BEEN DYING  
TO VISIT...



THE EDITORIAL  
OFFICES OF THE  
NEW YORK DAILY  
BUGLE...

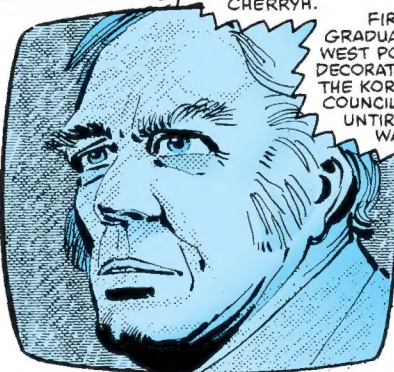
ONLY ONCE IN A  
GENERATION IS THERE  
A CANDIDATE LIKE  
RANDOLPH WINSTON  
CHERRYH.

FIRST IN HIS  
GRADUATING CLASS AT  
WEST POINT...THREE TIMES  
DECORATED FOR VALOR IN  
THE KOREAN CONFLICT...AS  
COUNCILMAN, A DEDICATED,  
UNTIRING SOLDIER IN THE  
WAR AGAINST CRIME...

RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH--  
THE NEXT MAYOR OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK!

THIS YEAR, MAKE YOUR  
VOTE COUNT. VOTE LAW.  
VOTE ORDER.

VOTE  
CHERRYH.



THIS HAS BEEN  
A PAID POLITICAL  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
BY THE COMMITTEE  
TO ELECT--



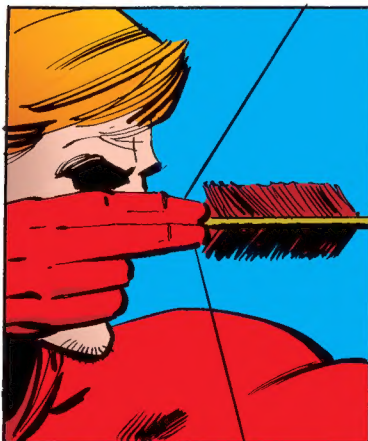
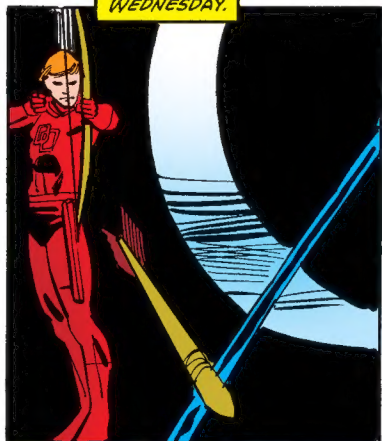
IN FACT, IT'S  
DYNAMITE--

--THE KIND THAT'LL  
BLOW UP RIGHT IN  
YOUR FACE.



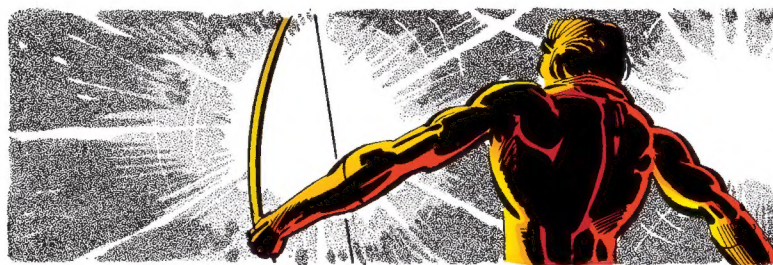


WEDNESDAY.



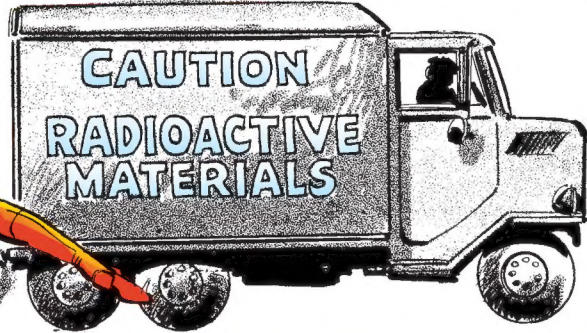
SO TIRED... CAN BARELY  
PULL THE BOWSTRING...

IF I COULD  
JUST SLEEP...  
FOR AN HOUR  
OR TWO...



THAT LIGHT  
AGAIN!

NO--TWO OF  
THEM. NOT AS BRIGHT  
AS BEFORE. MORE  
LIKE... LIKE  
HEADLIGHTS...



A TRUCK!  
JUST LIKE THE  
ONE THAT...

OH, NO,  
NO...



YES. IT'S HAPPENING  
AGAIN--THE ACCIDENT  
THAT COST ME MY  
SIGHT!

THAT OLD  
MAN-- HE'LL  
BE KILLED! AND  
IT'S UP TO ME  
TO SAVE HIM!

BUT IT'S JUST  
AN HALLUCINATION.  
I DON'T HAVE TO...



WHAT AM I THINKING?  
REAL OR NOT, HE'LL  
DIE IF I DON'T--

LOOK OUT,  
MISTER!

JAKE--THE  
CANNISTER!

GET IT  
KOFF  
AWAY  
FROM THE  
FLAMES--  
OR IT'LL  
BLOW...



AHHHG-  
GGHHH!!

HE SAVED  
THAT MAN'S  
LIFE!

MOST HEROIC  
ACT I'VE EVER  
SEEN!

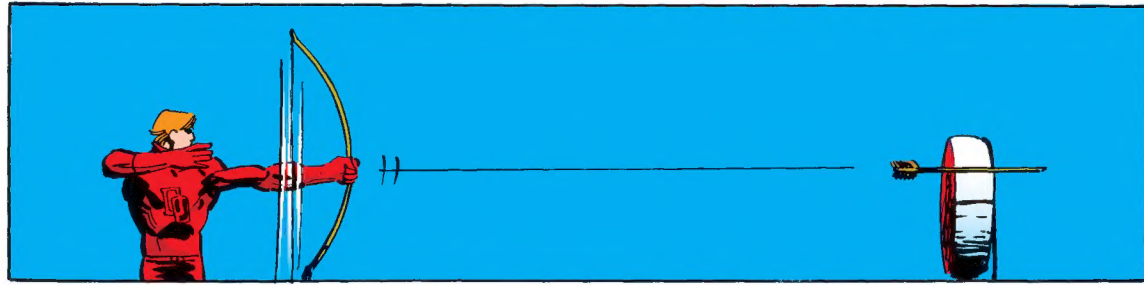
BUT THAT CYLINDER  
THAT STRUCK HIS FACE...  
IS... IT SOMETHING  
RADIOACTIVE?

HOW CAN  
I EVER  
REPAY  
YOU, SON?  
YOU SAVED  
MY--

YOU OLD  
FOOL!

LOOK WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE  
TO ME!

YOU  
BLINDED  
ME, YOU--





A MIDTOWN  
SKYSCRAPER...

"UNFORTUNATE"?  
IS THAT ALL YOU  
HAVE TO SAY?

I COULD  
LOSE THE  
ELECTION,  
BECAUSE  
OF THAT  
ARTICLE!

IT'S BEEN MY JOB TO SAY THE  
RIGHT THINGS TO THE RIGHT  
PEOPLE-- TO BUILD MY  
REPUTATION AS A CHAMPION  
OF LAW AND ORDER.

AND IT'S  
BEEN *YOUR*  
JOB TO KEEP  
THIS SORT  
OF THING  
FROM  
HAPPENING.

THE DAILY BUGLE

CRIME!

YOU'VE  
BLOWN IT, SOME-  
ONE IN YOUR  
ORGANIZATION  
IS TALKING,  
FEEDING THAT  
REPORTER  
NAMES AND  
DATES--

--AND IN  
FRONT OF FIVE  
MILLION DAILY  
BUGLE READERS  
HE'S CRUCIFY-  
ING ME!

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
DO ABOUT  
IT?  
WELL?

SEE HERE, FAT  
MAN, YOU NEED  
ME.

THIS IS  
*YOUR* PROBLEM  
AS MUCH AS  
M--

HKKK--!

BE SILENT, CHERRYH.

YOU MAY WELL  
BECOME THE NEXT  
MAYOR OF THIS  
CITY. BUT, IN TRUTH,  
YOU ARE NO MORE  
THAN A SIMPER-  
ING SLAVE--

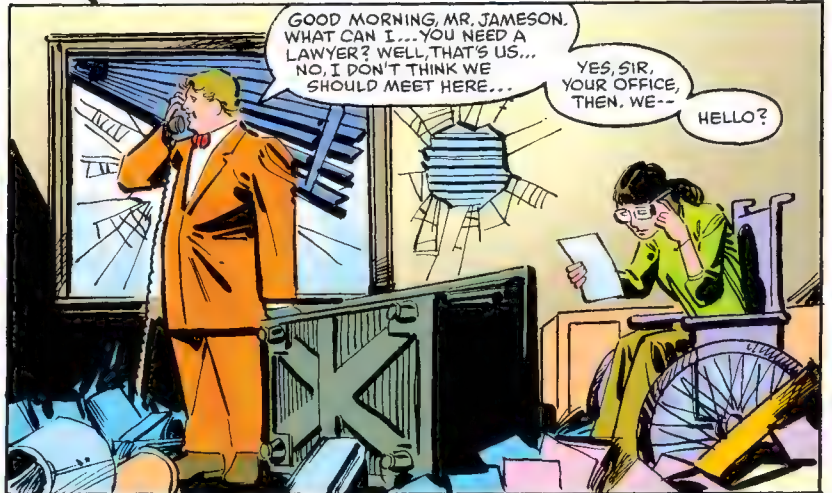
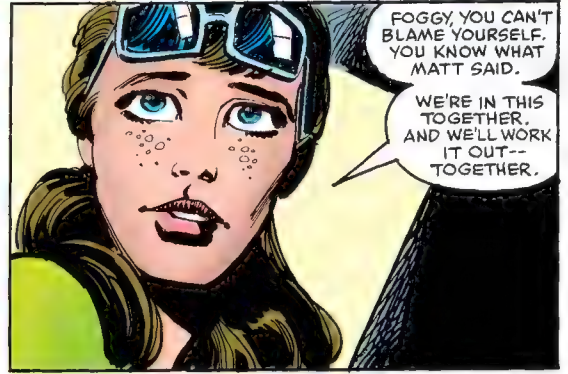
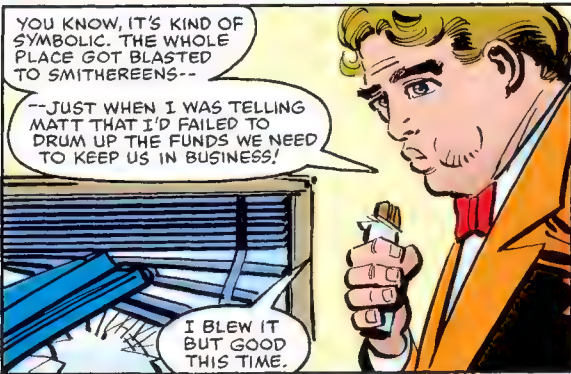
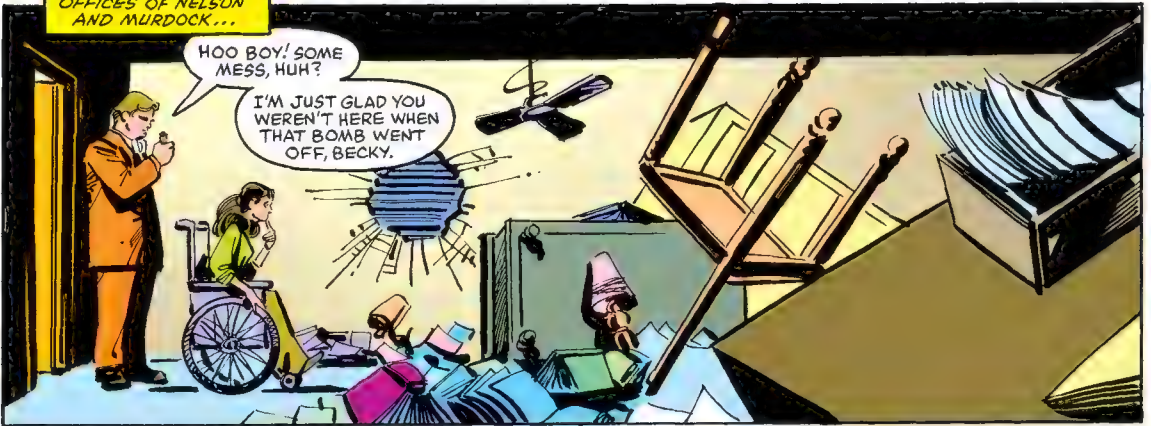
--IN THE  
SERVICE  
OF THE  
KINGPIN.

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT  
THE DAILY BUGLE. IT IS  
ONLY A NEWSPAPER,  
PRODUCED BY MEN  
WHO CAN BE BOUGHT--  
OR KILLED.

I SHALL  
ATTEND TO  
THIS.

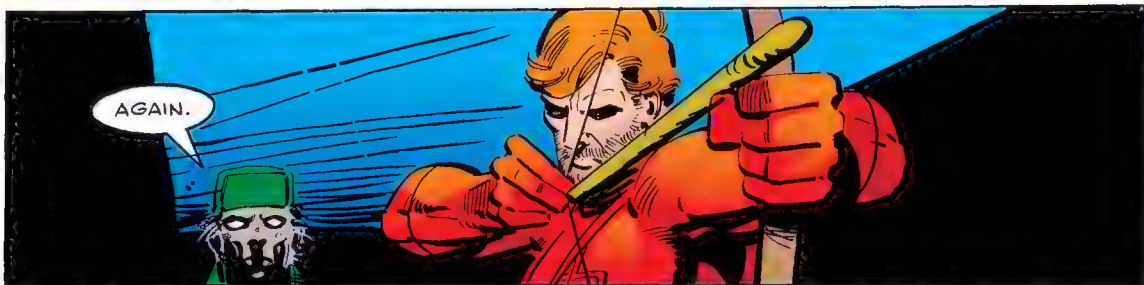
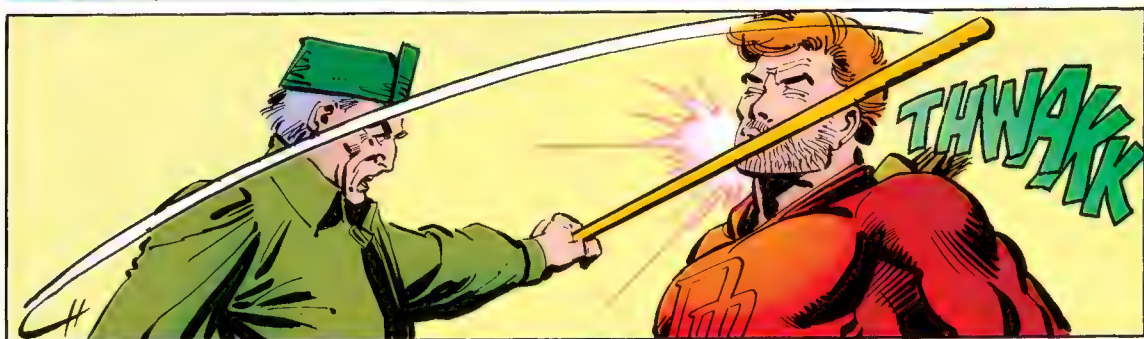
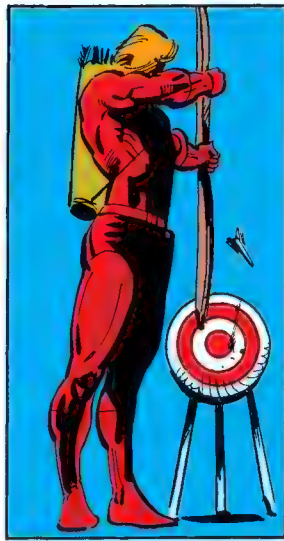
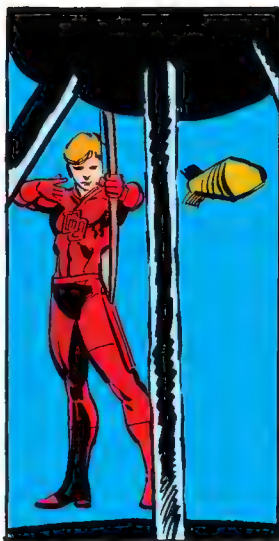
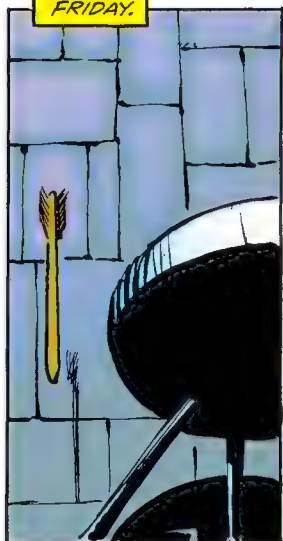


THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

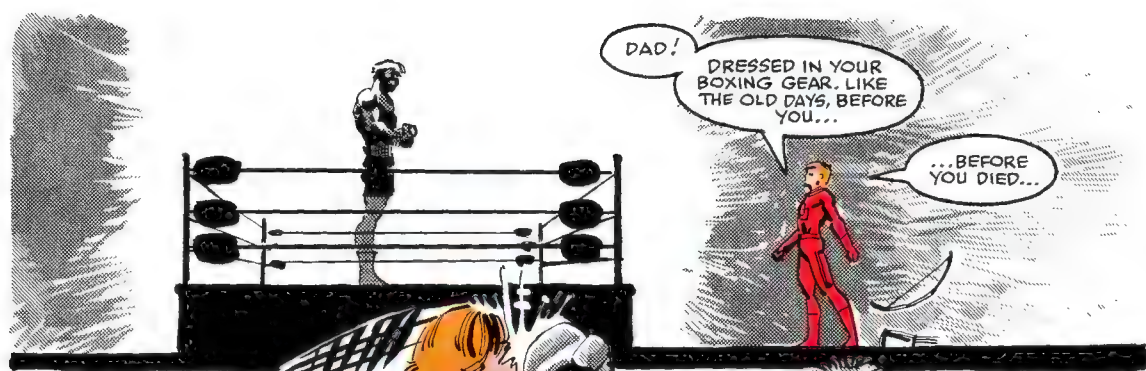




FRIDAY.











THE DEVIL HAS COME TO TAKE HIS OWN!





THE EDITORIAL  
OFFICES OF THE  
NEW YORK DAILY  
BUGLE...

WHAT CAN  
WE DO FOR YOU,  
MR. JAMESON?

YOU READ  
TODAY'S  
BUGLE?

UH, NO.  
I'M A TIMES  
READER  
MYSELF...

HMPH.

IT'S LIKE THIS. WE RAN  
AN EXPOSE OF RANDOLPH  
CHERRYH AND HIS MOB CONNEC-  
TIONS. HE'S SUING US FOR OUR  
SHORTS. AND OUR NEWSPAPER.

I WANT YOU AND  
MURDOCK TO  
DEFEND US.

YOU CAUGHT US  
AT A BAD TIME, MR.  
JAMESON. MY PART-  
NER AND I ARE --  
SHALL WE SAY --  
BETWEEN OFFICES.

HOWEVER, IF YOU  
WERE TO ADVANCE  
US THE NECESSARY  
FUNDS TO OPEN A  
NEW OFFICE DOWN-  
TOWN...

SPUTTER: YOU'RE  
TALKING THOUSANDS!

THIS IS A  
NEWSPAPER,  
NOT A BANK!

MR. JAMESON, YOU  
NEED THE BEST  
ATTORNEYS MONEY  
CAN BUY. AND THAT'S  
WHAT WE ARE.

YOU'VE  
HEARD  
OUR  
TERMS.

I'LL EXPECT  
YOUR CHECK  
MONDAY  
MORNING.

LET'S GO,  
BECKY.

J. JONAH  
JAMESON  
PUBLISHER

CRUMMY  
WHEELER-  
DEALER  
SHYSTER...



A COCKTAIL PARTY...

GEORGIO, I'M SURE YOUR YACHT IS LOVELY. BUT HOW COULD I RUN OFF WITH A MAN I'VE ONLY KNOWN FOR THREE MINUTES?

MYSTERY ONLY HEIGHTENS THE EXCITEMENT, HEATHER.

WE MUST SEIZE THE MOMENT. THERE IS ONLY THE SUMMER NIGHT...THE HARVEST MOON...YOU AND I...

AND ME. AND ME.

NICE TO SEE HEATHER GLENN BACK IN CIRCULATION.

BEEN SHOWING HER A GOOD TIME, RICO?

EASY, MEN. I'M A FLIRT, NOT A GYMNAST.

THE BEST.

AND SHE HASN'T SAID ONE WORD ABOUT MISTER MATTHEW MURDOCK ALL WEEK. GUESS SHE FINALLY WISED UP...

...AND DUMPED THAT STUFFY SHYSTER.

NOT THAT I'VE GOT ANYTHING AGAINST MURDOCK. I MEAN, HE'S A NICE GUY AND ALL.

BUT HE'S NO PARTY ANIMAL.

I MEAN, HOW CAN HE SHOW THE LADY A GOOD TIME WHEN HE CAN'T EVEN SEE--

HEY!

I'M GOING HOME, RICO.

DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME.



SOMEWHERE IN  
MATT MURDOCK'S  
MIND...

I'M GONNA EAT  
YOU ALIVE,  
LAWYER MAN.

SCARED?

THWOKK

GOOD, GOOD.  
I KNEW I  
COULD COUNT  
ON YOU TO  
HIT FIRST.

YOU'RE REAL  
ANGRY AT ME,  
AREN'T YOU,  
LAWYER MAN?

C'MON--  
DON'T  
MAKE IT  
EASY!

THWAKK

WHUDD

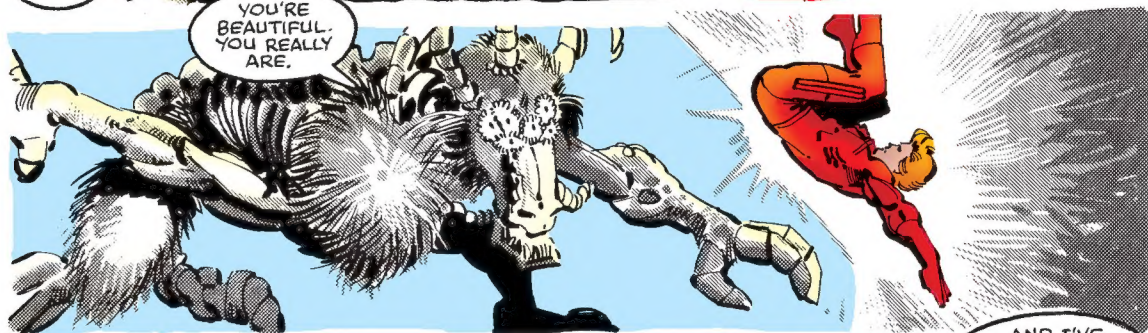
THAT'S IT.  
THAT'S IT.

REMEMBER  
HOW IT FELT,  
MATTIE BOY?  
REMEMBER WHEN  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
KIDS TEASED YOU,  
KNOCKED YOU DOWN?  
REMEMBER WHEN  
YOUR FATHER  
DIED?

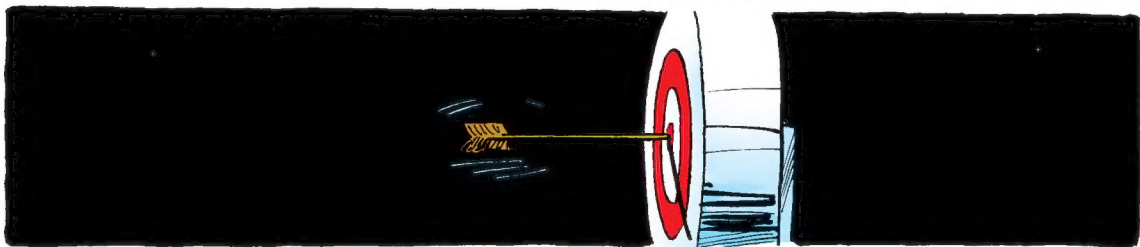
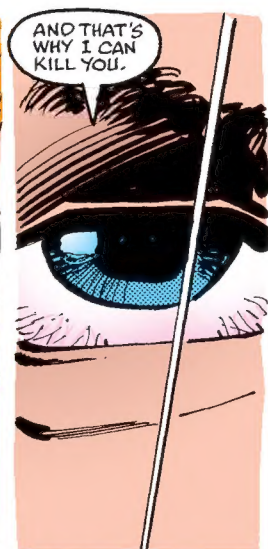
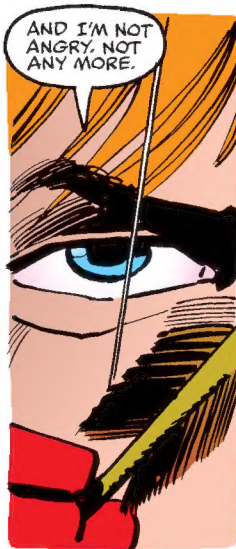
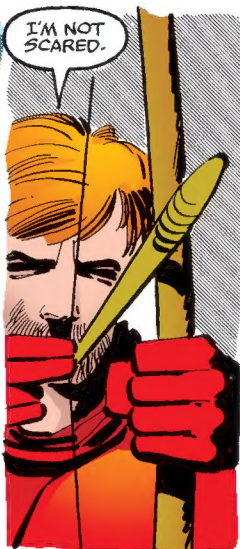
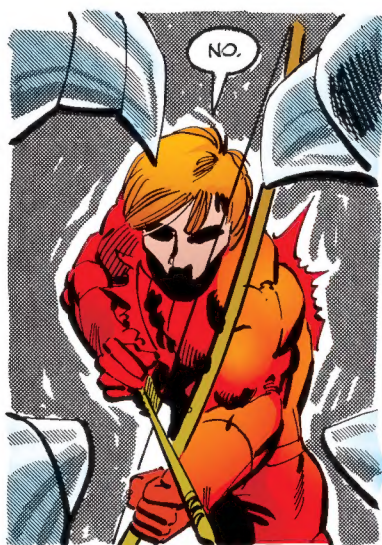
EVERY TIME  
YOU FEEL THAT  
WAY, YOU MAKE  
ME STRONGER...  
BIGGER...

AND NOW,  
I'M GONNA  
KILL YOU!

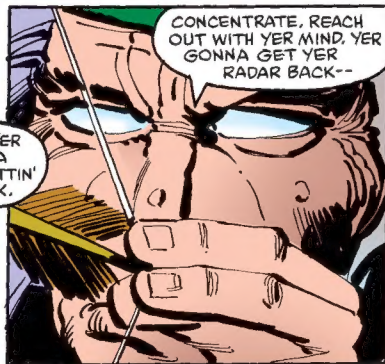
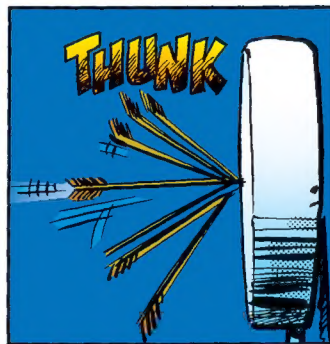
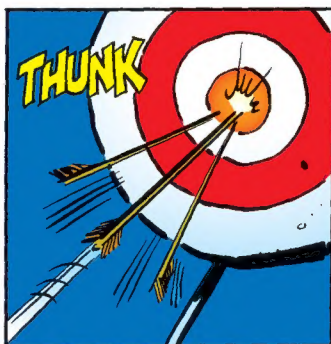




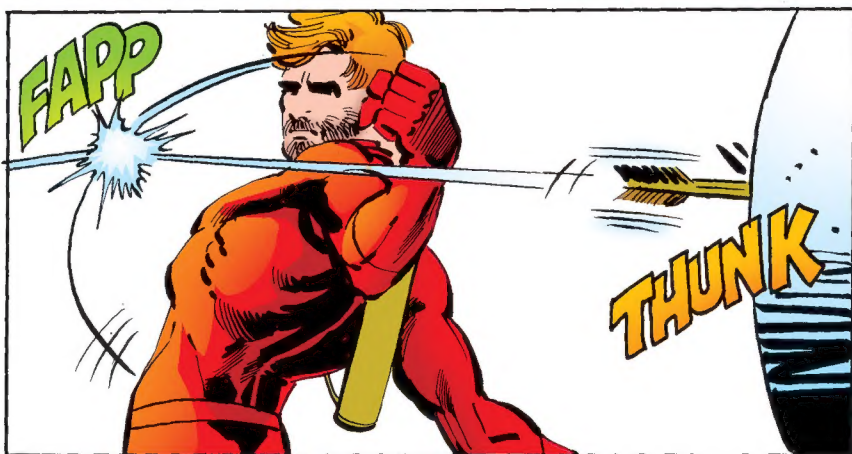








--OR  
YER GONNA  
DIE.





A MIDTOWN  
SKYSCRAPER...

THESE PICTURES  
WERE TAKEN BY  
OUR PLANT IN  
THE POLICE  
HOMICIDE  
SQUAD, BOSS.

YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT  
WHAT REMAINS OF THE  
NINJA ASSASSIN GROUP  
KNOW AS *THE HAND*. WHEN  
THEY MOVED IN ON OUR  
TERRITORY, YOU MANEUVERED  
THEM INTO COMBAT AGAINST  
*DAREDEVIL*, WITHOUT  
HIM KNOWING IT.

THESE  
ARE SIX  
HIGHLY  
TRAINED  
ASSASSINS.  
THEY'RE  
ALL DEAD.



SO ARE THE  
LEADER OF THE  
HAND AND THESE  
MEN, HIS PERSONAL  
GUARD.

ELEVEN  
STIFFS,  
TOTAL.



*DAREDEVIL*  
DID NOT DO THIS.  
HE IS NOT A  
KILLER.

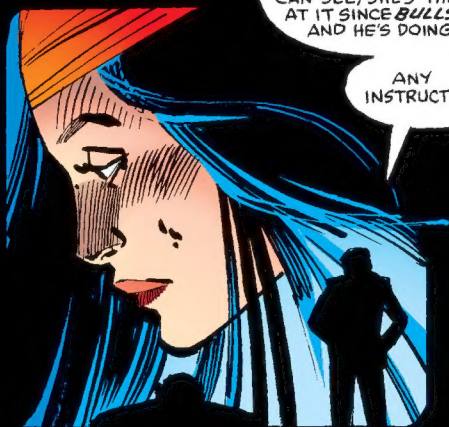
RIGHT. AND  
THAT'S WHERE  
IT ALL GETS REAL  
INTERESTING.

IT WAS A  
LADY--A  
FORMER NINJA  
HERSELF--THAT  
DID THEM IN.  
LOUIE TOOK THESE  
SHOTS OF HER  
WHEN SHE HUNTED  
THE LAST OF THEM  
DOWN OUTSIDE  
OF DUKE'S POOL  
HALL.



SO WE CHECKED HER  
OUT. HER NAME'S *ELEKTRA*.  
SHE'S A MERCENARY, A  
BOUNTY HUNTER, AND A  
KILLER-FOR-HIRE. AS YOU  
CAN SEE, SHE'S THE BEST  
AT IT SINCE *BULLSEYE*.  
AND HE'S DOING TIME.

ANY  
INSTRUCTIONS?



YES.  
FIND  
HER.



NEXT ISSUE: **PAPER CHASE!**